



REVEREND W. H. CASSAP

WINNIPEG TO LONDON VIA THE HUDSON BAY

By the Reverend
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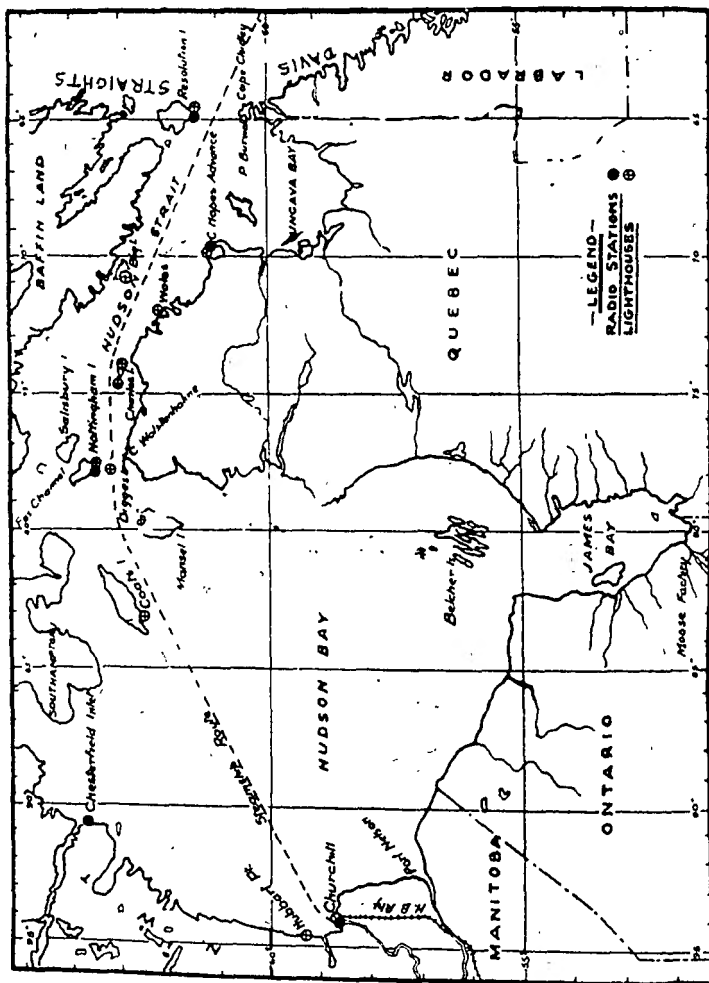
1936

Made in Great Britain

DEDICATION

To the missionaries of the Cross of Christ, who through faith endured hardship and privation that they might obey their Great Commander ; to the pioneer governors, chief factors and traders of the Hudson Bay Co. ; to railroaders, miners, mariners and others who courageously did their part in the spiritual and material development of the Far North, I gratefully and respectfully dedicate this little book.

W. H. C.



FOREWORD

It was in the summer of 1936, while doing occasional missionary duty in the Diocese of Rupertsland, that I conceived the idea of taking a trip to England via the Hudson Bay route. I had crossed the Atlantic many times before, the first crossing being in 1884 as a child with my parents. The steamer chosen to carry us to Canada was the *Polynesian*, of the pioneer and renowned Allan Line. I doubt not there are not a few today who can recount their rollicking experiences of "The Rolling Polly," as she then was familiarly known. I well remember my father taking me to see the steerage passengers; they were sitting on the floor, some eating with their fingers and drinking from pannikins, for I believe the steerage passengers at that time were obliged to furnish their eating implements and drinking utensils, also bedding. The *Polynesian* did the trip from Liverpool to Pointe Levis—opposite the old city of Quebec—in ten days, which was considered a record passage in those days. But times have greatly changed since then, and the third class of a liner today is infinitely superior to a saloon passage when I first crossed the Atlantic. As I have already intimated, the *Polynesian* had been given a notorious name for her misbehaviour in the great deep: personally I do not really think she deserved it. Whether this militated against her usefulness to the

Company I do not know; at any rate, she was reconstructed, and her name changed to the *Laurentian*. After doing yeoman service for a goodly number of years, her end was to be wrecked off the banks of Newfoundland.

And now, fifty-two years later, I was desirous of making a new venture. The Hudson Bay route had for some years been engaging my attention. It was by this way our first missionary, the Rev. John West, in 1820, at the request of the Hudson Bay Co., came to the Red River settlement. His journey was attended by much hardship and suffering, for, in a canoe with three Indian boys who had been given to him upon his landing on the Hudson Bay shores, and who were to form the nucleus of a school in the new settlement and a guide, they paddled their way down the Nelson River, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River to their destination.

With this somewhat rambling foreword I must begin to justify the title of this little work. When I mentioned my purpose to some of my Winnipeg friends and others, they said: "You will not be able to get sufficient material on that trip to write a book." This was poor encouragement. I want to prove they are wrong, and hope I shall succeed in doing so; besides, there are big books and little books, and this work will belong to the latter class. And now, lest the patient reader may think that I am afflicted with the *furore scribendi*, I must proceed with my travelogue, and this, I think, can best be done if I write it in a diaric form.

W. H. C.

ON TRAIN BETWEEN WINNIPEG
AND THE PAS.

Friday, Sept. 11, 1936.—The day appointed for my leaving Winnipeg broke forth clear and fine. There were at the station to bid me *bon voyage*, the Revs. Canon Loucks, a former beloved rector of All Saints Church, Winnipeg, who was on a visit to that city, and an old friend; W. Askey, the present rector of All Saints; Walter Anderson, who very kindly transported me and baggage—a small consignment—to the depôt; Mr. F. Kenworthy, a devout and loyal layman of the Church; and Mr. J. D. Evelyn, a direct descendant of the eminent diarist, John Evelyn, who brought with him a generous basket of various and luscious fruit from his kind-hearted and thoughtful wife. I had visited my old friend and former rector, the good Archbishop of Rupertsland, the day before, and had received his blessing at a special service in his well-appointed chapel; so I think I can truly say that I had a good “send off.”

The summer of 1936 had been an exceedingly hot one, pioneers declaring it one of the hottest on record, and although my landlady, Mrs. Jenkins, with the typical Yorkshire heart, had done all in her power for my comfort, I had felt the heat intensely, many times not being able to sleep before

3 a.m., so that the prospect of the trip before me was one of eager expectation.

The train was late in starting, but it made up time before we reached the end of the first division—Dauphin. On the seat just before me was a woman of foreign extraction with three children, the youngest of whom kept up a wonderful and almost incessant exhibition of lung power. It seemed as though it could not be comforted. I was glad when they got off at Swan River. We arrived at Katrine, a few stations beyond Portage la Prairie, where a halt was made for about two minutes. Mr. and Mrs. G. Bolton were at the station to see me; they had been my parishioners in that part, thirty-four years ago, and although so many years had passed, I did not notice a great change in them.

Neepawa was reached on schedule time; some passengers got out and others got in at this junction. Dauphin, too, the end of the first division, was arrived at on time. Well do I remember my first visit to Dauphin. It was towards the end of May in 1897 when I, then as a theological student at St. John's College, Winnipeg, had been appointed to serve the Summer Mission of Gilbert Plains, under the direction of the Rev. H. G. Wakefield, of Dauphin. I shall not here relate my exciting and interesting experiences on the unorganized plains that summer. The railway had not been long operating from Gladstone to Dauphin and was called the "Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company." There had been two prairie hamlets; one "Dauphin," the other "Gartmore," about seven miles apart. I suppose the railway authorities, not wishing to

show more favour to one hamlet than the other, built the railway midway between them. A pioneer told me in moving the buildings of both hamlets to the railway one building became stuck on the track, and a friendly locomotive came and gave a helping hand. Thus originated the present important town of Dauphin. A goodly number of passengers detrained here. The temperature I found much lower than in Winnipeg. At this point we changed our train crew and a friendly trainman, a Roman Catholic, with a distinctly Irish name, in taking his leave, expressed the hope that I would have a nice trip and wished me "good luck."

Leaving Dauphin at 6.10, when the night rates for a sleeper became effective, I resorted thither and enjoyed a healthier and more peaceful atmosphere. A man returning from the Vimy Pilgrimage, and whose home was in a mining town some eighty miles from The Pas, entertained us in the smoking compartment with tales of the Pilgrimage and ended by saying that although he had enjoyed it all, he was glad to get back home again.

A "blow out" at Swan River for ten minutes, and then to bed, 11 p.m.

THE PAS.

Saturday, Sept. 12.—6 a.m. The porter tugged my nocturnal habiliment, a sign to get up. We were approaching The Pas, the last big town before reaching Churchill and the beginning of the Hudson Bay Railway. We arrived here at 7 a.m. on time. The Rev. D. L. Greene was at the station to meet me at that early hour. I had met our mutual friend, the Rev. Canon Heywood, of Brandon in

Winnipeg, during the summer, and he had informed Mr. Greene of my proposed trip. He very kindly took me to his home, where I was very cordially received by Mrs. Greene and family. As our train made a stop at this place for eight hours, it afforded me both time and pleasure to breakfast and dine with the Greens.

The Pas contains some ancient items of Church history for Manitoba. Henry Budd, one of the Indian boys who came with John West from York Factory, in 1820, was the first missionary here. He came in 1840 as a catechist. I well remember, as an undergraduate, his companion in travel, the Rev. James Settee. I visited his grave not far from the church building, and wrote down the inscription from a simple white stone:

Sacred to the memory of
Rev. Henry Budd, who died
April 2, 1875, aged 61 years.
Named after one of the Founders
of the C.M.S. The first Indian
convert and clergyman in
Rupertsland. An earnest and
faithful minister of the Gospel
for 25 years. Beloved by the
Flock over which he was pastor.

They that turn many to righteous-
ness shall shine as the stars
for ever and ever. Dan. xii. 8.

The furniture of the church is interesting to record, for men on the Franklin relief expedition, led by Sir John Richardson in 1847 and 1848, had a good share in making it.

While here Mr. Greene told me a good story,

which I shall venture to call "Swift Justice; or The Trappers Trapped."

A policeman (R.C.M.P.), who had been in the hospital at The Pas, was convalescent and returning to duty. He was in civies. In the same coach were some trappers drinking. The law regarding the consumption of liquor, I believe, permits drinking only at home. "Give me that bottle," demanded the constable. Whether it was readily surrendered or not I do not know, but the constable took it and put the cork in it. "Now I want your names." These, no doubt, were reluctantly given. Mr. Greene had noticed this, being a passenger in the same coach. "What are you going to do with these men?" asked Mr. Greene of the constable when they both got out of the train at the next stop. "Do!" replied the constable. "It is all done." It appears the police magistrate and the Crown Prosecutor were in another coach on the same train *en route* to hold court at some point. The trial of the trappers had been held on the train, with the result that they paid their fines. "The case was settled," said Mr. Greene, "before the train had gone forty-two miles."

We left The Pas at 3.30 p.m. The train to Churchill consisted of two day coaches (second class), one buffet sleeper, which is a sleeping-coach in which meals are served, one baggage, one express, two private coaches, and fifteen freight cars laden with wheat. I noticed the telegraph poles were constructed in tripod fashion, and upon enquiring the reason for this was informed that this was done so that the frost would not heave them out. The

"Muskeg Railway," as it is facetiously called, passes through hundreds of miles of country which will never be tilled. In spite of the muskeg condition of the country over which it runs the railway has one of the best road beds in Canada. The passenger list was light on this occasion, but during the hot season the train is popular owing to the numerous lakes which abound within a short distance of The Pas.

7 p.m. I partook of a meal in the buffet car consisting of ham and eggs, potatoes, buttered toast, pot of tea. Price 85 cents.

After a talk with passengers of varied types, chiefly railroad employees, I made up my own bed in the day coach, having brought with me a travelling rug for the purpose. Bed!! 10.30.

ON THE H.B. RY.

Sunday, Sept. 13.—Daybreak, 4.30. The stations or rather stopping-places on the Hudson Bay Railway from The Pas to Churchill—510 miles—are called by the mileage from The Pas. This reminded me of a visit I made some fourteen years ago to the Channel Islands when the S.P.G. sent me to preach on behalf of the Society. Whenever I asked how far it was to a certain place the answer invariably came in the form as to how long it would take to walk. "How far is it to St. Martin's?" "Oh! about twenty minutes!" And so on this train I heard a trainhand say to a passenger, "Are you getting off at 249?" There were four children, the eldest of whom was a girl of fifteen. Thinking probably they were going to Churchill, I asked her

where she was going. "We are going to 474," was the answer. Further enquiries elicited the information that her father was a section foreman at that point.

There was an interesting passenger who in turn had been a farmer, insurance agent, hotel keeper, and was now going to be a cook in a railroad camp. Wabowden, the third divisional point, having been reached at 9.30 on the previous evening, Gillam, the next divisional point, was reached at 7.15 a.m. Here the Rev. J. Murray met the train. I had met Mr. Murray during the summer in Winnipeg, and he kindly asked me to let him know of my coming. As the train is timed to stop here for three-quarters of an hour he took me to his bachelor abode, where he had prepared a delectable repast of bacon and eggs, buttered toast and marmalade. Gillam has a population of about 200, chiefly railroad employees and trappers.

The H.B. Co. has a store here. We left Gillam at 8.30 a.m., for some reason or other half an hour late. The Kettle Rapids crossing the Nelson River a short distance north of Gillam present a pretty picture. Within 100 miles of Churchill are to be seen innumerable lakes both small and great. It is a barren land, having at stated distances railway hands living in huts or cabins. "How do these men manage to live here?" I asked of a trainman.

"Oh, they are coming and going all the time," was his reply.

A few days before I left Winnipeg I happened to be in a restaurant. At the next table were two young men, one of whom was telling about having

come down from a mining plant in N.E. Manitoba. The other listened attentively and asked about prospects of employment out there. "They are hiring and firing all the time," the first one said, apparently unconscious of the rhythmical sound.

I mentioned there were two private cars on this train. Upon enquiry I learned that Mr. Dixon, chief engineer of the railway, and party occupied one of them. Passing through the buffet sleeper I came to the first car, on the door of which in bold letters of gold were painted the words "Innisfree." "Surely," thought I to myself, "with a name like that there can be no charge for admittance," so in I went; but Mr. Dixon was in the other coach together with his wife and son. Upon request he kindly gave me the following information. The longest piece of straight track is seventeen miles. The railway was completed on Good Friday, 1929. Speaking of the great depth of frost, Mr. Dixon told me they had bored 254 feet and then had not penetrated the frost. Also the tableland had risen some 400 feet in 9,000 years, 4 feet in the last 200 years—the latter calculation was taken from an old H.B. Whaling Station; also a ballast pit some distance from the sea had revealed a walrus tusk, and the walrus being a sea animal would indicate the sea, at one time had been in that part. If the above is not clear, I am afraid it will be due to my notation. Mr. Dixon was of the opinion that within twenty-five years the railway would serve the purpose of opening up a big mining belt. He told me also one or two interesting stories. This country, while called barren, abounds in berries, chief of which is the mulberry. A native

bird, the ptarmigan, was also plentiful while the road was being built. These birds in plumage adopt the colour of the ground: in winter they are white—in summer, brown. The snow had quickly thawed and the berries became full of wine; and the birds eating them freely become intoxicated, so that one could easily pick them up if one wished. Major Charles, the supervising engineer, also told me that in November, 1935, a herd of fully 20,000 cariboo delayed the train for five hours. But probably the more interesting story is that which befell the caboose of Mr. P. Campbell, the B. and B. master. It appears Mr. Campbell went out one day and left the caboose door open. Master Bruin, scenting an enticing odour issuing from the caboose, went in uninvited, and in his exploration behind the door happened to lock himself in, thus making himself a prisoner. The telephone in the caboose began to ring violently, and the bear, finding the door locked against him, made for the window and, dashing through, took the sash with him.

Churchill was reached at 4.30 on time. Altogether we made a good run, covering the 510 miles in twenty-five hours. I was met by the Rev. F. L. Rowe, our missionary stationed at Churchill, and we walked the two miles to his little yet very hospitable home; his family consisting of his wife, who I think is one of the most ideal of missionary wives I know, his father-in-law, Rev. E. Gardner, a native of Newfoundland, and sometime a missionary on the Labrador Coast, who also very kindly surrendered his room to me and sought accommodation elsewhere, and the seven-months-old baby. Before

retiring Mrs. Rowe expressed the hope that the baby would not keep me awake. This statement almost amounted to a libel, for during my four days' stay with them the baby was as good as gold.

Evensong was held at 7.30. Mr. Rowe informed me he held two services, one at 10.30 in the morning for the white people; the other in the evening at 7.30 for the Indians. But on this occasion, due no doubt to the presence of a visiting preacher, a congregation of about thirty whites and thirty Indians were present; added to this, I noticed some of my fellow train passengers were present. I took for my subject Christ's miracle of feeding the 4,000, and began by saying:

"It is a great pleasure for me to be here to-night. A pleasure not because a long and tedious railway journey is ended, but rather it is because I have reached the shores of the Hudson Bay. And why do I say that? Because it was on these same shores that our first missionary landed from England in 1820 at the request of the H.B. Co., to teach Him who said of Himself: 'I am the Bread of Life.' It was to these shores Bishop Mountain, some twenty-four years later, came, by canoe from Montreal, preaching from the appropriate words of St. Paul (2 Cor. x. 14): 'We are come as far as to you also preaching the gospel of Christ.' Little did those heroes of the faith at that time think that from these very shores there would be exported material to be made into bread for the use of man's material needs in the country from which they—the preachers—originally came. But it is not my object this evening to give you an historical account of the

planting of the Church in Rupertsland, however glorious and laudable that object may be; like the missionaries before me, my message will be the same, to proclaim to you Him who is the Living Bread which came down from heaven." I then went on to deal with the miracle and sermon proper.

CHURCHILL.

Monday, Sept. 14.—Misty and sleet. Visited the S.S. *Troutpool* of West Hartlepool, the only ocean-going vessel in port. Chief Engineer Dixon and party came on board, whom I introduced to Capt. V. Bailes, master of the ship. Visited hospital, which is in charge of Dr. B. Anderson, who matriculated at St. John's College, Winnipeg. We were in the same year, forty years ago, when Archbishop, then Canon, Matheson patiently taught us Classics. Dr. Anderson said to me, "You have come at an opportune time. I have a patient, a member of one of the boats belonging to the same company as the *Troutpool*. He really should go home as soon as possible, and he wishes to go home. If I can arrange a passage for you to go in charge of him, will you go?" Not knowing exactly the nature of the case, and certainly not knowing what weather we were likely to encounter, probably I was too hasty in readily consenting to do so. This was the case of an ulcerated stomach. There was only one other patient. The hospital is well appointed, and the staff is the doctor and a general factotum.

In the afternoon, in company with Mrs. Rowe, I visited the elevator—the great wonder of Churchill—and while geographically it belongs to Manitoba,

commercially it belongs to Saskatchewan, for I think I am safe in saying that for thirty cars of wheat that come from Saskatchewan, only one comes from Manitoba. But this difference cannot be altogether due to prejudice on the part of Manitoba, rather is it to the haulage by train. We were advised to come early the following morning, when it was expected to see the elevator in full operation.

Monday evening in Churchill is devoted to letter writing, as the weekly mail train goes out early Tuesday morning, so visitors are not welcome anywhere on Monday evening. It rained nearly all day, but I was told this was unusual in Churchill. Though I had a camera I regret I could not use it, owing to the rainy weather.

Owing to the dark days, the school at Churchill is operated all the summer and holidaying months are December and January. There are twenty-seven children on the roll and one teacher.

The first resident missionary here was the Rev. J. Lofthouse, who afterwards became the first Bishop of Keewatin. He came to reside in Churchill in 1883; but the Mission was established and a church built in 1860. The Roman Mission was established in 1929. There is also a United Church building of recent date, but at the time of writing there is no minister; the members of this body worship with the Anglicans.

Sometimes we hear it said: "The Anglicans were late in coming." This statement is frequently said by people who wish to excuse themselves in their Church responsibilities, and are ignorant and further wish to be ignorant of the true facts; but this com-

parison does not stand alone in the history of the Church of England in Canada, especially in the more remote missionary parts. "There are none so blind as those who will not see."

CHURCHILL.

Tuesday, Sept. 15.—Visited elevator in company with Mr. Rowe. Mr. Kerney, one of the Company's staff, devoted much time and care in explaining to us the different processes by which the grain is transferred from the cars to the ships. We were there nearly two hours, and then we could not take it all in. It was truly wonderful to see how the contents of a car-load of wheat could be dumped into the hopper and borne along. So expeditious is it in its working that a ship having a carrying capacity of over three hundred thousand bushels of wheat can be easily loaded within twenty-four hours. It has a capacity of two and a half million bushels, and is built in such a manner that the capacity can be increased to ten million bushels. The scales are capable of weighing up to 75 tons. The storage annex, 290 feet by 100 feet, contains 44 circular bins, 23 feet in diameter, 24 outer space bins, and 76 inner space bins. In the cupola there are 4 conveyor belts 42 inches in width. A grain drier having a capacity of 1,000 bushels per hour is housed in a separate building. It is one of the most, if not the most modern elevator in Canada, and moreover presents a spectacular scene on a dark night with its great height of 210 feet illuminated. At 11 o'clock I visited the oldest inhabitant of Churchill, in the person of Mr. W. McKenzie. Mr. McKenzie came to Churchill in 1878 from Stornoway, in a Hudson

Bay whaling vessel named the *Ocean Nymph*. It took nine weeks to make the voyage. He told me when he first came foxes sold at 75 cents each. One time he was missing for three weeks, and the H.B. Co. had search-parties out looking for him. He has had seven children. His wife died in 1892, and he at the age of seventy-seven is still trapping, hale and hearty.

In the afternoon I visited the H.B. store, which is in charge of a young Englishman, Mr. Cook; Mr. McLeod, the railway cook; Corporal Graves of the R.C.M.P., who with one constable comprise the entire police force of Churchill. Had tea with them, Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Cook being also present. There is no cell, the Corporal informing me one is not needed. Visited also Mr. Baker, the radio officer, who is also police magistrate; made also three sick visits among the Indians. The Indians here are Chipewyans.

The dogs of Churchill are very interesting. They all seem to have some of the huskie in them and can be very faithful to their masters. Mr. Rowe has a beautiful dog in this respect. I did not see any cats in Churchill; they do not thrive among the dogs, and there are no lamp posts, telephone poles or trees to climb up. Many kinds of berries abound: the mulberry, low bush cranberry, gooseberries, red and black currants and the baked apple.

Two Indians—a man and a boy—came into the Mission House, the residence of the missionary, at 10 p.m. The man, suffering from a gangrene foot, was brought in by a seaplane eighty miles north-west; the boy was suffering from T.B., and had a most

distressing cough. Mrs. Rowe gave them coffee and cake. Mr. Rowe had scripture reading, hymn and prayers in their own language.

Walking a great deal against a fierce head wind, I was very tired towards evening. To bed at 10.45.

Wednesday, Sept. 16.—Arose at 6.30. Heavy frost during the night and light flurries of snow. Went to the hospital to receive instructions from Dr. Anderson *re* patient whom he is committing to my care on voyage. Learned from Captain Bailes bad news of *Avonriver* being blown ashore off Mansel Island. The wind here at this time of the year has great force and violence; indeed, at times one finds it hard to stand up against it. With Mr. and Mrs. Rowe had an excellent dinner at Camp 11. The cook was the man I met on the train coming to Churchill. In the afternoon made, in company with Mr. Rowe, a number of visits among Indian "habitations."

The system of light railways is the only street car service in Churchill. The baby carriage at the Mission House is so constructed as to run upon it. Visited the old Fort and Cairn and copied inscription from the latter.

PORT CHURCHILL

Discovered in 1619 by the ill-fated Danish Expedition under Jens Munck.

In 1689 the Hudson's Bay Company built the first Fort Churchill which in the same year was destroyed by fire.

In 1717 the Company rebuilt Fort Churchill, for nearly 200 years

WINNIPEG TO LONDON

its most Northerly Post on the Bay and the starting Point of many Arctic explorations. The Hudson Bay Railway was completed to this point on 1st April, 1929.

ERECTED 1931.

CHURCHILL.

Thursday, Sept. 17.—Called at radio station and learned that the *Jean D* would not possibly be in before Sunday owing to being obliged to turn back to the rescue of the stranded steamer *Avonriver*.

The *Jean D* is a French motor ship and up-to-date. I thought one time of taking passage on her.

11 a.m. Visited the Roman Mission, which is in charge of Father Duplain; he is a native of St. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec, a place I know very well. He is a most resourceful and genial man. This Mission is the headquarters of Bishop Turquetil, who was away when I called. Fathers Duplain and Ferron, who is the bishop's secretary, compose the staff. I met here a young French priest, Fr. Fleury, who had just arrived from France *en route* for The Pas, where he will be stationed. Fr. Duplain kindly invited me to stay for lunch, which I did, and had an excellent meal, heartily enjoying the wine of Fr. Ferron's manufacture. Upon asking what it was made of, I learned, raisins. The Roman Mission was organized here in 1929. There is a very spacious dwelling 60 by 40 feet. At this place is the only white congregation—and this is not large—in Bishop Turquetil's diocese.



CAPTAIN V. BAILES
Master of S.S. *Troutpool*

Dr. Anderson being successful in his application for my passage, I boarded the S.S. *Troutpool*, and at 5.30 bade farewell to Churchill, after heartily enjoying my four days' stay there. I did not visit our missions on the H.B. Railway in the capacity of a superintendent; if I had I would have been pleased to report of faithful service being done all along the line.

In the presence of the Captain I signed on as purser. The S.S. *Troutpool* is a good sea boat (as my narrative will later show), a tramp steamer of some 4,886 tons gross, with a carrying capacity of over 8,000 tons. Our cargo was 306,500 bushels of wheat. Should wheat have been selling at one dollar a bushel, it can readily be seen what our cargo was worth. A commodious cabin was allotted to me on the boat deck adjoining the chart room. It contained two bunks and a settee; that night I slept, or rather tried to sleep, on the settee, and the patient occupied the lower bunk.

IN THE HUDSON BAY.

Friday, Sept. 18.—Arose at 7. A very disturbed night. I am very fortunate in having a steward who has had some hospital training and likes the work in looking after the sick. Captain Bailes kindly gave him an assistant so that he could be more at liberty to help me, for at times it is very difficult to carry out the doctor's instructions; in fact, on board ship it cannot be done to the very letter. How different now the temperature from those hot summer months in Winnipeg! No sun all day.

Sample daily menu on tramp steamer:

Breakfast 8 a.m.

Porridge, bacon, potatoes, tripe fritters, bread and butter, marmalade.

Dinner 12 p.m.

Broth, stewed beef, cabbage and potatoes, pancake and jam, biscuits and cheese.

Tea 5 p.m.

Kippers, shepherd's pie, pickles, jam, bread and butter.

As a mild criticism I may say this looks very well on paper.

Occupied the upper bunk last night, for sleeping on the settee was like being put on the shelf. It was too narrow for my broad frame, and I could not keep the clothes on. Lat. $59^{\circ} 53'$; long. $90^{\circ} 32'$. Daily run 156 miles.

HUDSON BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 19.—Patient had a better night. Message came that crew of the *Avonriver* had abandoned ship and taken on Government steamer *G.N. McLean*. The wreck of the *Avonriver* was due to her engines breaking down. She came from England in ballast to receive a cargo of wheat at Churchill, but encountering a gale she could not withstand the violence and was driven ashore on Mansel Island at the entrance of the Bay. She will prove a veritable boon to the Eskimo inhabitants of the Island. I believe the islanders of Tristan da Cunha sometimes pray for a shipwreck.

Conversed with a deckhand of the heavyweight build who was painting a ventilator, and whose home is in London; the crew of this ship, thirty-two in all, is drawn from all parts of the U.K. and Ireland. I asked him what part of London he came from; he told me "Chelsea." I said "Chelsea! That's where the great painters live, is it not?" "They're supposed to, but I'm not one of them kind: they are hartists."

In the afternoon I tried to dip into the mysteries of the gyro, but found it beyond me. All I could learn was that the old compass was altogether unreliable for this route, as it was influenced by the Magnetic North, while the gyro by the true North. The old compass is two points out on this route.

4.30. Boat drill, and took a hand in pulling a rope in the hoisting of the boat from the deck, which reminded me of the day when L. Swalwell and I pulled on the Inter-Collegiate Championship Tug-of-War Team on Fort Garry Flats, Winnipeg, in 1898. We were a small body and had barely thirty men to pick from, and I think, with the exception of one student, we were all budding divines. The medicals were our hardest antagonists, having two men well over 6 feet, so that it meant something for them to say: "We could not pull the Church."

A write-up in my diary or "log," as it should be named now we are at sea, and a few minutes' walk on deck. To bed 11.15, but not to sleep.

"So dark the night and chill."

Lat. $61^{\circ} 55'$; long. $83^{\circ} 08'$. Daily run 223 miles.

ENTERING HUDSON STRAIT.

Sunday, Sept. 20.—Passed Nottingham Island at 3.45 a.m. Bitterly cold, which indicates we are not far from the Straits, where the bergs are to be dreaded. Yet more than one navigator has told me he would rather deal with them than with fog. This route, they declare, is fairly free from the latter enemy. This, then, is one thing to be said in favour of the H.B. route. I am glad our Captain is a careful navigator; he will not attempt to push forward on this dark night in an infested berg area. This being the Lord's Day I recall my first service at sea. I had then an S.P.C.K. voyage chaplaincy. It was in the month of October, 1902, when I had been ordained two years, that I was crossing the Atlantic on the *Lake Ontario*, of the Beaver Line. Captain Evans was in command. It was Sunday morning, and we were coming up the companionway together after breakfast.

"I am glad you are on board this morning," he remarked. "Why?" I asked. "Because you will take the service; if you were not here I would have to take it."

"Have you any special form?"

"You do what you like; only do not make the service too long. The steward will get everything ready for you."

"Of course you will attend, Captain?"

"Certainly."

The service was held. About forty passengers present, besides some members of the ship's staff.

"I hope you enjoyed the service, Captain," I said, when I met him shortly after.

"Very much," said he. "You did not have that hymn 'Eternal Father, strong to save.' Nearly all the parsons choose that hymn. I do not see why we should always be having it, for we are as safe on the water as on the land."

The captain's argument was sound, though he did not give the proper theological interpretation. The hymn in question is one of the finest in hymnology. Next to "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty," I do not know of any hymn which brings out more forcibly and clearly and certainly more beautifully the mysterious doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. Yet besides being a hymn it is a prayer—the highest form of prayer, a prayer of intercession—*i.e.*, a prayer for others; and therefore it is more fitting that it should be offered by those on land for those at sea.

I may be digressing by introducing extraneous matter, but I want to make my book, under certain circumstances, as interesting as possible.

Fortunately we have now reached our highest point north, and are heading in a south-easterly direction. We are beginning to encounter heavy seas and some break over the bows. "It will lay the dust," I remarked to an officer. "It will make the rust," was his reply.

6 p.m. Abeam of Charles Island. Message came that S.S. *Furby* was taking the shipwrecked crew of the *Avonriver* to Churchill. Lat. $65^{\circ} 03'$; long. $75^{\circ} 43'$. Daily run 215 miles.

HUDSON STRAIT.

Monday, Sept. 21.—Arose at 7. Have been up four times during the night. We are having a

blinding snow-storm; there is fully 4 inches of snow on the deck. Speed reduced to five knots.

Life on board a steamer of this type does not differ much from day to day. At the time of writing, 8.45 a.m., we are about twenty-six miles N.E. of King George's Sound. Officer informs me our ship is about 24 feet deep in the water, and that in consequence growlers are to be feared as well as bergs.

Sighted first berg at 12.30, twenty-two miles S.S.W. Ashe Inlet. Took two photos of it and hope they will turn out well. Third mate jokingly said: "Plenty of ice cream there."

These icebergs take to themselves peculiar shapes. Some look like floating castles. I saw one which very much resembled a dry dock afloat.

4.30. Went down into the depths of the engine-room. The second engineer, a rather elderly man who had left the sea twenty years and had come back to see more of the world in travel, told me he had been to the same school as Bishop Gwynne, of Egypt, whom I knew well during the war. The Bishop was then at St. Omer as Deputy Chaplain General. The Bishop's father kept the school, "and many a lacing I have had from him," said the engineer. Also visited the stokers and saw them attending to the fires, which brought to my mind the words of the war-born song, "Keep the home fires burning." I found the stokehold a good place to be on a cold day. Sighted five bergs today. Ship stopped for the night off Cape Hope's Advance.

Kept company on bridge with third mate for an hour, 9.30-10.30. I do not see why these ships

are not fitted with a powerful search-light. I should think they would be very profitable on occasions of this kind. Lat. $62^{\circ} 16'$; long. $71^{\circ} 07'$. Day's run 138 miles.

DAVIS STRAIT.

Tuesday, Sept. 22.—Ship resumed her course at 5 a.m., but under slow speed as it was misty and snowing, but cleared up by 10. Passed more bergs and growlers, which would justify our stopping during the night.

12. Sixty-two miles west of Acadia Cove, Resolution Island. There is a story told of a certain well-known mission preacher who, when he was expounding with great vigour, suddenly lost the thread of his discourse. "Brethren," he said, "I do not know where I am, but one thing I do know and that is this: I know where I am going, for I am on my way to heaven." These cargo boats, laden as they are heavily with wheat, are different from that position of the preacher—they know where they are; they know they are in the great deep, but they do not know where they are going—at least, not for some days when they are well on their journey. When a ship leaves Churchill, her cargo may be sold half a dozen times before she reaches port.

There is a sweepstake posted in the mess-room as to the probable port the ship will unload her cargo.

3. Visited the galley and found it very comfortable in that it was very warm. The average daily consumption of bread is thirty-two loaves, one loaf per man each day.

7 p.m. Passing Acadia Cove with a big berg between us. Now we are about to enter Davis Strait.

"Sparks," which is the nautical nickname for the wireless operator, frequently comes into the chart-room with Marconigrams, giving information he has picked up regarding the location of bergs, but wind and tide together are often responsible for their deviation from the original reported location.

First appearance of gulls today. They are smaller than those seen on the southern route. Lat. $61^{\circ} 20'$; long. $67^{\circ} 06'$. Daily run 129 miles.

DAVIS STRAIT.

Wednesday, Sept. 23.—Arose 6.30. Weather much milder, which is a blessing. On the bridge at 7. Chief officer told me he had seen two huge bergs at 5.30, towards the south. Beautiful swell on.

From the bridge saw a strange sight. At first it looked like one big object about 80 feet long, with huge spikes sticking well up into the air, which would make a formidable rival to the "Loch Ness Monster," but upon an approaching view found there were four or five great fish following each other. The chief officer said they were bottle-nose whales.

"Sparks" at breakfast said it was six overcoats warmer.

3.30. Played draughts with the third mate, but modesty forbids me to name the winner.

9.15. The Northern Lights are truly wonderful. Although the moon has been set for some time now, so bright and beautiful they are that they light up the sea with a silvery sheen. Truly "the heavens declare the glory of God."

Stayed on the bridge with the third mate till 10.30. He is a young Scotsman of very fine type. Indeed, all the officers on this ship I find very agreeable, which always tends to make a pleasant voyage though it is a tramp steamer. From the captain to the galley boy I have received the greatest courtesy and respect.

The third mate's watch is from 8 to 12. This is called the "evening watch." The second mate's watch is from 12 to 4: called the "middle watch." Sailors also call it the "graveyard watch," because it is a lonely one. The chief officer's watch is from 4 to 8, called the "middle watch." Bed 11 p.m. Lat. $60^{\circ} 28'$; long. $60^{\circ} 24'$. Daily run 202 miles.

DAVIS STRAIT.

Thursday, Sept. 24.—Arose at 7. Sea much rougher. Heavy head wind. Seas dashing over bow with great violence. How changeable the weather is! If this keeps up, it will delay us considerably.

9 a.m. First time I have heard the captain speaking about Jonah. I hope the lot will not fall on me, though I have had some thirteen crossings already without a mishap. The ship and the sea are playing a game of "pitch and toss."

A butcher with a cast in his eye was about to fell an animal. "Are you going to hit where you are looking?" asked the timid boy who held the rope. "Yes." "Well, then, you can hold the rope yourself." I have no cast in my eye, but I cannot always hit with my pencil where I am looking, so violently are we tossed about.

We have not been able to do more than five

knots today. At the time of writing, 4.30, the ship is standing still, so far as her own interior motor power is concerned. I suppose St. Paul would call this "Euroclydon"; the Captain calls it by a much shorter word, "gale."

"Sparks" thinks that Hudson and those that were with him must have been unhappily married at home to have come out here when they did. Lat. $59^{\circ} 51'$; long. $54^{\circ} 26'$. Daily run 107 miles.

DAVIS STRAIT.

Friday, Sept. 25.—Did not sleep a wink all night. Had to hang on to porthole fastener to keep myself in bunk. Storm continues with unabated fury. Captain says we are in a confused sea. We are shipping tons of water. The galley floor is washed out and cook disabled; believes he has a broken leg. Two firemen have leg injuries and two or three boards in the lower bridge have been stove in. "Sparks" says we are in touch with the *Berengaria* some 800 miles off. Not much consolation in that. One seaman was nearly washed overboard.

"A nice pleasure trip, sir," said a seaman as I frantically struggled past him between the awashes. When you lift your foot you cannot tell where you are going to plank it down. I have been involuntarily dancing all morning, *à la mode de la mer*. My comical Cockney friend, who was painting when the sun was shining—it has shone only part of two days since we left Churchill—has been placed in the galley to see of what use he can be there; but the steward has had to do the cooking and I miss him very much, for in the application of the

stomach-pump to the patient the steward is a better conjuror and juggler than I am.

We have done only fifty-eight miles in the past twenty-four hours. Distressing news comes of many vessels foundered on the American coast.

The bow of our ship at times is completely lost to view. It will be a long time yet before we reach port if this weather keeps up.

What makes Father Neptune so active with his trident? And why did Byron write "And I have loved thee, Ocean"? I do not think he could have been in many storms at sea to have written as he did. Lat. $59^{\circ} 60'$; long. $53^{\circ} 27'$. Day's run 58 miles.

DAVIS STRAIT.

Saturday, Sept. 26.—Tried to sleep last night lying on my back with hands clasped on my chest and elbows sticking into sides of the bunk, but could not. If we had been given favourable weather we should have been abeam of Cape Farewell, Greenland, to-night, but as it is, we are able to make only one knot. This great ship, with over 300,000 bushels of wheat, is being tossed about like a child's toy in the hands of a giant. We have done only eighty-six miles during the past twenty-four hours.

7 p.m. Wind and wave moderated considerably, and we are now going full speed ahead. Lat. $59^{\circ} 07'$; long. $49^{\circ} 05'$. Day's run 86 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Sunday, Sept. 27.—Foggy. Passed Cape Farewell 8 a.m., more rightly named "Farewell" than "Welcome," as we cannot see it, being some fifty

miles to the south. I cannot write much about it. A short account of Greenland—made famous by Heber's missionary hymn "From Greenland's icy mountains"—which I take from a book published by the British Admiralty for the guidance and information of mariners, may be of interest to the reader:

Area and Population.—The total area of Greenland is estimated at 830,000 square miles, of which 94 per cent. is covered by the ice-cap. The population in 1922 numbered 14,355, of which 274 were Europeans, and most of the remainder are Eskimo people settled on the western side of Greenland, between Cape Farewell and Upernivik; and known as Greenlanders:

History.—Greenland was discovered by the earliest Scandinavian settlers in Iceland. After having been sighted by Gunbjorn, it was visited by Eric the Red, who, after having explored it, founded there in the year 986 two colonies, Osterbygo and Vesterbygo. The latter was attacked and destroyed by Eskimos from the north some years after 1340. Subsequently the connection with Europe grew less and less, until, according to obscure accounts, it wholly ceased after 1448, and Greenland almost passed into oblivion. When it was re-discovered by John Davis in 1585, the Eskimo were the only inhabitants. In 1721 the modern Davis settlements on the West Coast were founded by Hans Egede as missionary stations.

Government.—The administration and trade of Greenland is controlled by a Government Board in Copenhagen, known as Kongelige Gronslandske

Handel. Trade has been a monopoly of the Danish Crown since 1774, and though this arrangement was made at the start by the desire to secure an economic advantage, it has been long since enforced out of regard to the native population, with the purpose of developing it to such a degree of independence that in time it will be able to stand in free intercourse with the outer world without the danger of being exterminated, as has been the case with primitive people in other parts of the world. The west coast of Greenland from the south end to about latitude 74° N. is divided into two inspectorates, the southern extending north to latitude $67^{\circ} 40'$ N. Godthaab is the seat of government in the southern inspectorate and Godhavn that in the northern. The government of each inspectorate is directly responsible to the Government Board in Copenhagen. Each inspectorate is divided into districts, having, in addition to the principal settlement, several outlying posts and Eskimo hunting stations.

Standard Time.—The time kept in the districts of West Greenland is that of the meridian of 45° W., or 3 h. 00 m. 00 s. slow on Greenwich mean time.

Occupations and Trades.—The Greenlanders are occupied to a great extent of their time in obtaining means of livelihood by hunting and fishing. They have no handicraft trade, though they are, both men and women, very skilful craftsmen. The men build their own houses and boats and make their own hunting implements, whilst the women prepare the skins, manufacture the thread and make all the clothing, both garments and footwear. Comparatively few necessities of life are obtained

from the trading company with money received for the products of the chase, of which any over and above the Greenlanders' own requirements is sold to the trading company for export. Seal hunting was formerly the principal occupation of the Greenlanders, but during the last two decades has declined considerably. Besides the meat which provides sound nourishing food, the skin is used for clothing and for covering the framework of kayaks or hunting boats and of umiaks or transport boats; the blubber provides the means of light and heat for the dwellings, and from the sinews is made a very strong and durable thread. Besides the seal, walrus, narwhales, and white whales are also hunted. Shark fishing among others is of some importance. Foxes and reindeer also abound.

An important article of export is cryolite, which is found in very few localities outside Greenland and nowhere else in such large quantities. Cryolite is used in the manufacture of aluminium, in the enamelling of iron goods and in the making of certain kinds of glass. The cryolite deposits, which are at Ivigtut in the Frederikshaab district, are worked by a Danish company with Danish staff and labour. About 20,000 tons are exported annually, mostly to Copenhagen, and the remainder to Philadelphia.

Ports closed to Foreign Vessels.—The settlements on the west coast of Greenland are closed to all vessels without special permission from the Danish Government, excepting only that under certain conditions water may be obtained at Frederikshaab, Sukkertoppen, Holstenborg, Godhavn and Upernivik.

Position at noon: Lat. $43^{\circ} 06'$; long. $58^{\circ} 52'$.
Daily run 180 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Monday, Sept. 28.—"Sweet are the uses of adversity," so said one wise man. To enjoy a calmer sea, to breathe a warmer and purer air after the storm-lashed rigours of the past three days, is one exemplification of this; though, at the same time, a heavy head wind is against us which will no doubt considerably impede our progress.

The *Jean D*, which left Churchill a few days after us, passed by well to the south of us during the night. As I have said, she is a modern French motor boat capable of making fourteen knots.

Patient admitted having a better night. I asked him what he thought it was due to—"a better sea?" "I don't know," he said, "I am trying to figure it out."

"Sparks" said at breakfast, "People who go to sea have no business to have any stomachs."

Position at noon: Lat. $60^{\circ} 02'$; long. $38^{\circ} 18'$.
Day's run 180 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Tuesday, Sept. 29.—Foggy weather and big swell on. Had very bad night. All coffee suddenly shot out of cups at breakfast, staining almost the entire "tablecloth."

"O Captain, Captain, when are we going to see any land?" This was the cry of an elderly lady when I crossed the Atlantic on the *Lake Erie* in 1907; but the Captain, a typical old sea dog, only shook his head and with a twinkle in his eye said: "If you care to come to my cabin I will show you some there." I

suppose he had reference to a flower-pot. We have not seen any land since passing Resolution Island a week ago, and even then it was hardly distinguishable from the clouds that appeared in close proximity to it. I am afraid I wrote too hastily about enjoying a better sea, etc., for the enjoyment did not last long. We are now making little or no progress. Copy of Marconigram received this a.m.

Handed in at London.

Date handed in,	Time handed in,
28.9.36.	22.30.
Date received,	Time received,
29.9.36.	00.57.

"To ships in Atlantic.

Rugby.

Radio Lloyd's any news Ashworth G.D.P.M. Newport News sixteenth for Brazil."

It becomes alarming when Lloyd's makes enquiries about ships at sea in this manner.

Had my first experience of pulling the⁷foghorn rope on the bridge. I made that old whistle blow. The chances, however, of colliding with anything here are very remote. At 10 p.m. made an attempt to go on the bridge to keep company with the third mate, but the spray was so heavy, even at that height, that a drenching forced me to make a retreat. Lat. $60^{\circ} 17'$; long. $32^{\circ} 28'$. Day's run 180 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Wednesday, Sept. 30.—This is the thirteenth day since we left Churchill, and still no news has come

as to what port we are bound. It may be the cargo is not yet sold. Heavy head winds still prevail. We have covered only 32 miles in the past thirteen hours so strong are wind and wave against us. I am very much afraid that my entries from this on will make disinterested reading. During the last six days have seen neither ship, sun, moon nor stars. Lat. $60^{\circ} 05'$; long. $27^{\circ} 50'$. Day's run 136 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Thursday, Oct. 1.—Seas running very high and at times we are completely engulfed in the waves.

I remember crossing the Atlantic in a liner during a storm and seeing a tramp steamer buffeted by the waves; at times it was entirely lost to view save for funnel and masts. I am sure we would present a like picture to any liner if one were passing us now. At midnight orders came by Marconigram that we were to proceed to Antwerp to unload; this will make our voyage longer and consequently my log.

Towards evening it rained, and wind and wave moderated a little, which was a great blessing after the trying days we had passed through. On the bridge with the third officer until 10.30. The moon at times broke through the clouds, giving a pleasing effect. Lat. $59^{\circ} 50'$; long. $24^{\circ} 10'$. Day's run 112 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Friday, Oct. 2.

“As you were.”

Moderation

Was for a brief duration.

Extract from Ship's Log: "Mod. to fresh gale. Heavy sea. Vessel rolling heavily and shipping heavy seas overall."

It was an awe-inspiring sight this afternoon as I watched from the lower encased bridge the bow of the ship completely buried in the onslaught of waves.

An old salt with throat trouble went to the doctor. "Did you ever try gargling it with salt water?" he was asked. "Well, doctor, I have been submerged four or five times," was the rejoinder.

If there is any efficacy in salt water, the nose of this ship should be in a very healthy condition by reason of the nasal douches it has received.

Moderated considerably towards evening. Went on the bridge for an hour before retiring. Beautiful moonlight, but at times we went through thick banks of fog. Lat. $59^{\circ} 50'$; long. $19^{\circ} 20'$. Day's run 143 miles.

N. ATLANTIC.

Saturday, Oct. 3.—The past two or three nights have given signs of better weather, but somehow or other the morning always breaks forth rough and violent and once again we find ourselves battling with the adverse elements; the ship is again rolling heavily, with heavy seas breaking over her.

2 p.m. We are now about twenty miles due south of Lousy Bank. This does not mean much to the ordinary passenger. It is simply a name given to a shallow part of the ocean's depth, the least charted depth of which is ninety-five fathoms. We should, at any time, be seeing trawlers which go there for fishing. Lousy Bank is about 300 miles north-west of Cape Wrath.

Stayed on bridge till 11.30 p.m. Upon bidding my friend the third mate "Good-night," he jocularly remarked that if it became foggy at midnight he would send for me to sound the fog-horn.

"And what if I should refuse to come?"

"Then I will send three strong men to fetch you."

Lat. $16^{\circ} 08'$; long. $14^{\circ} 17'$. Day's run 150 miles.

Sunday, Oct. 4.

N. ATLANTIC.

"Again the Lord's Own Day is here,
The Day to Christian people dear."

And it is here with a glorious sunshine and much becalmed sea. The first sunshine we have experienced for many days. It really makes one feel we are entering into home waters. But the Lord's Day on a steamer of this class is much the same as any other day, so I must find my strength and contentment in making my spiritual communion. I miss greatly "O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see The brethren join in love to Thee." Some there are who say: "I can worship God in the country or wherever I chance to be without going to church." Probably they can, but they usually don't, and even if they do, it cannot take the place of corporate worship, which is divinely commanded. I am eagerly looking forward to the opportunity and privilege of joining in the worship of God in His hallowed house of prayer and praise, and thus once more paying my vows in the presence of His people. "Like as the hart desireth the water brook, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God." "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day."

7 p.m. Lights of first trawler seen.

9.30 p.m. On the bridge till 11.30 and saw the reflection of the lighthouse on the Butt of Lewis.

We have had the calmest day
Since we left the Hudson Bay.

Lat. $59^{\circ} 14'$; long. $8^{\circ} 50'$. Daily run 175 miles.

N. COAST OF SCOTLAND.

Monday, Oct. 5.—3.40 a.m. Abeam of Cape Wrath. My wrath is now taken away from me which I vented against the sea in Davis Straits and the N. Atlantic. How forgiving human nature is! or should I say how forgetful the mind is when we enter upon new and more pleasant scenes? Here we are skirting along the north coast of Scotland; land seen on both sides, rocks, meadows, lighthouses, etc., and all storms passed away, for we are entering the Pentland Firth and the tide is in our favour, thus giving us great impetus. The rugged Orkney Islands on the north with the Skerries and the beautiful Isle of Stroma, with the mainland on the south. "All things bright and beautiful." The whirling eddies caused by tide and formation of bed of sea are wonderful to behold and Duncansby Head, jutting out to sea like the bow of a great battleship, is majestic in appearance. I have taken a snapshot of it and hope the picture will be a good one. Hitherto I have had very little opportunity of using my camera owing to poor light and boisterous waves. We have now entered the North Sea.

Noon abeam of Wick.

5 p.m. abeam of Kinnaird Head.

6 p.m. abeam of Rattray Head.

7 p.m. abeam of Buchan Ness.

10 p.m. abeam of Aberdeen.

We are now getting on like a house on fire. Lat. $58^{\circ} 25'$; long. $2^{\circ} 41'$. Daily run 205 miles.

NORTH SEA.

Tuesday, Oct. 6.—7 a.m. abeam Berwick. Wonderful visibility and unbroken sea.

8.30 abeam Farne Island.

12 abeam Newcastle.

3.15 p.m. abeam Whitby on the Yorkshire coast. A truly delightful scene here. The quaint old town nestling quietly in the mouth of the River Esk and the ruins of the old abbey on the cliff intensified by the rays of the declining sun shedding from over a cloud upon this historic place made famous in Church history and past industries present the most pleasing picture I have seen on the whole trip. Much would I have liked to have taken a photograph of this brilliant and composed effect, but the range was too far for my vest pocket camera.

6.0 p.m. abeam Scarborough.

6.50 abeam Flamborough Head.

10.0 abeam Spurn Head.

On the bridge till 10.45, seeing the various lights on the shore and on ships at sea. Lat. $55^{\circ} 07'$; long. $0^{\circ} 28'$. Day's run 215 miles.

NORTH SEA.

Wednesday, Oct. 7.—Glorious morning and beautiful sea. I notice it is of different colour and am told it is because it is more shallow than that through

which we have passed. There appears to be much traffic; two or three large steamers majestically pushing their way, and "*there were other little ships.*"

We expect to reach Flushing early tonight, but the pilot will come aboard some little time before we reach there.

8.40 a.m. abeam Great Yarmouth.

We are now heading straight across for the Continent.

3.50 p.m. Hoisted pilot flag, blue and yellow. First pilot comes aboard 4.15 p.m. to take us to Flushing, Holland. Arrived at Flushing 6.45 p.m. Here we exchanged pilots to take us to Antwerp. Delayed at Flushing until midnight on account of having to wait for tide on the River Schelde to take us to Antwerp, some fifty miles inland from Flushing. Lat. $52^{\circ} 08'$ long. $2^{\circ} 36'$. Day's run 213 miles.

ANTWERP.

Thursday, Oct. 8.—Arrived at Antwerp at 5 a.m. Patient removed to hospital to gain strength before leaving for home. Went with Captain Bailes to the police to have passport visaed; also to the British Consul to be signed off the ship's staff. Visited Mr. Wainwright, the British Chaplain, who claims to have the prettiest English church on the Continent, and I can well believe it. Had lunch with him and Mrs. Wainwright. Visited Mr. Taylor, who is in charge of the Missions to Seamen in Antwerp, and learned he at one time served in the Diocese of Ottawa, Canada. In the afternoon visited Mr. F. Dierckx, whom I met in Antwerp in January, 1919,

shortly after the evacuation of that city. Returned to ship at 6 p.m. Antwerp is one of the largest ports in the world.

ANTWERP.

Friday, Oct. 9.—Left ship at 9 a.m. Called at Missions to Seamen at 9.20 for Mr. Taylor, who gave me much help in seeing me off for England. Left Antwerp at 10.30; arrived in Brussels at 11. Lunched in Brussels. Left Brussels for Ostend at 1.10. Had as a travelling companion an elderly curé who was going to Bruges; unfortunately he could not speak English and my knowledge of French is very limited, but we conversed after a fashion. Arrived at Ostend at 2.45. Left Ostend at 3.20. Arrived at Dover at 6.30, where I entrained for London, reaching Victoria Station at 8.50 p.m. Of course, I could have gone direct from Antwerp, but I preferred to travel by day instead of taking the night boat.

I have now finished my work so far as the title of the book is concerned and I am sorry I could not make it more interesting; but before I conclude I would like to add a few words which may be of help to any person who is thinking of making this trip. It does not, of course, follow that another trip will prove an exact reproduction of that which I experienced. Roughly speaking, at the present time there are about fifteen ports—ten in the U.K. and five on the Continent—to which cargo boats from Churchill may be bound. The intending traveller needs to have plenty of time and not be tied to any particular programme. Our journey, due to the fact that we had a constant head wind against us, was longer than the average. Again, as yet there

are no special boat trains, and in my opinion not likely to be any, so that he must come prepared to stay a few days in Churchill if need be.

Two things, I believe, are largely responsible for the present economic condition in Canada: (1) forced growth, (2) borrowed money, and these two are closely connected, for money usually has to be borrowed to push forward any work of enterprise, practical or otherwise. I think I may claim to be in a position to make this criticism, though not born in Canada, have been brought up there; coming to Winnipeg in 1884 and have at all times been keenly interested in its welfare. Whether Port Churchill may be classed among the forced growth enterprises of Canada, like many other things, remains to be seen; but it is my personal opinion, if not belief, that *some day* it will come into its own.

ADDENDUM

SHORTLY after my arrival in London I chanced to visit one of the old city churches, the Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, in Bishopsgate, and there discovered three beautiful windows placed to the memory of Henry Hudson from three different sources.

1. This one depicts Henry Hudson and the famous ship, the *Half Moon*, in which he sailed in 1609. The circle in the lower portion of this window depicts the Communion Service attended by Henry Hudson and the crew of the *Hopewell* on April 19, 1607.

Among the few things that are certain about Henry

Hudson this is one, for the record comes from the log of one of his men, John Pleyce by name, who used, it seems, Hudson's notes. It is printed here as it stands in Asher's work, edited for the Hakluyt Society in 1860.

"Anno 1607, April the nineteenth, at Saint Ethelburge in Bishops Gate street, did communicate with the rest of the parishioners these persons, seamen, purposing to goe foure days after, for to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China. First, Henry Hudson, Master. Secondly, William Colines, his mate. Thirdly, James Young. Fourthly, John Colman. Fifthly, John Cooke. Sixthly, James Buebery. Seventhly, James Skrut-ton. Eighthly, John Pleyce. Ninthly, James Baxter. Tenthly, Richard Day. Eleventhly, James Knight. Twelfthly, John Hudson, a boy."

Inscribed under the window:

"This window is the gift of the Governour and Company of the adventurers of England trading into the Hudson Bay and was dedicated on 19th April, 1928."

This church adjoins the Hudson Bay House in Bishopsgate.

2. This second window depicts Henry Hudson and his men sailing up the Hudson River and meeting the Red Indians.

Inscribed under the window:

"This window is the gift of the citizens of the United States of America, and was dedicated on November 28th, 1929."

3. The third window depicts Henry Hudson and his men cast adrift by mutineers from the *Discovery*, June 22, 1611.

Inscribed under the window:

"This window is the gift of the citizens of the British Empire, and was dedicated on June 5th, 1930."

These windows are 15 feet high.

